

# Lips of an Angel

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Summary: Inspired by the Hinder song "Lips of Angel," King Alistair is suddenly visited by someone from his past.

## Lips of an Angel

Inspired by the song "Lips of an Angel" by Hinder

Alistair had just settled comfortably at the dining table across from his queen when he heard a quick knock at the door. He let out a long, irritated groan and hung his head over his plate like the whipped dog he was. Just five minutes? Whose death warrant did he have to sign to just get five minutes?

"Alistairâ€¦" said Beatrice gently. This was how they were going to assassinate me, he thought grumpily. Just making me so busy I'll never eat again and I'll starve myself out of the throne!

"What?" he called to the door, slouching down into his chair in the most un-kingly fashion he could manage. An unusually anxious Teagan entered the room and stood close to Alistair's chair.

"Good evening, Your Majesties," he greeted them.

"Good evening, Lord Teagan," responded Beatrice politely. Alistair said nothing, only shifting slightly to look at his advisor.

"Can I pass a law that says 'no one is allowed to disturb the king at dinner ever under penalty of death' or does that sound to tyrant-y?" asked Alistair. Teagan cleared his throat and ignored him. Alistair would have ignored himself too; it wasn't one of his best quips. Maybe he could throw in something about the cheeseâ€¦

"Your Majesty, I would like to speak with youâ€¦privately," said Teagan. Something in his voice made Alistair's gut do a nervous somersault. Teagan glanced at Beatrice staring down at her plate,

demure and regal and very much the queen she was picked to be. Alistair sighed and got up from the table to follow Teagan outside.

"I'll only be a moment, my dear," he reassured the queen. Without waiting for a response, Alistair and Teagan made their way into the antechamber and Teagan firmly closed the doors behind him. "What's this about, Teagan? Did you start a war with Orlais without me?" Teagan looked at him sternly. A moment of tense silence passed between them while Teagan pulled out a folded piece of parchment from his pocket.

"I was told to give it to you directly," said Teagan, holding out his hand and offering the note.

"Uh-huh," said Alistair warily. "Is it bad?"

"I am sure that will be up to you to decide," said Teagan. Alistair raised an eyebrow and slowly retrieved the parchment from his grasp.

"You would tell me if this contained poison powder or a blood magic curse, right? You're not planning a coup?" Teagan grimaced which, in general, did not make Alistair feel very reassured.

"Just remember your responsibilities, Your Majesty." Alistair glanced back and forth from the note to Teagan. Something very bad was about to happen, he could feel it in his kingly silk knickers.

"Alright," said Alistair. Teagan gave Alistair one more long, hard look and then bowed and exited the room. Standing there alone in the near darkness, Alistair carefully unfolded the note and brought it within the glow of a nearby candle. From the very first word, Alistair's heart stopped. He would recognize the gentle curve of that handwriting anywhere. His eyes raked over the letter in an adrenaline-fueled frenzy, and he had to reread it at least three times before actually understanding any of the words.

\_My dearest Alistair, \_

\_I'm so sorry. I've come to Denerim. I need to see you. I've given this note to Teagan to give to you, and I hope you have a chance to read it before he tosses it into a fireplace somewhere. If you don't want to see me, I will understand. I'm sorry. Please, Alistair, please come to me. I will be waiting in your bedchamber.\_

\_Elissa\_

Alistair gripped the nearby table to keep himself from sinking down to his knees. He felt a twisting pain in his chest that hurt as badly as any knife wound. \_Elissa\_. Shakily, Alistair read through the letter again, hearing it in her voice. \_I need to see you. Please come to me. \_

"Alistair? Are you alright?" called Beatrice, her voice muffled through the door. The sound shocked Alistair so badly he almost knocked the candle over and set the rug on fire. His heart was pounding now and a series of memories flashed through his head with

every galloping pulse.

"Fine, my dear!" he called back. He held the parchment over the candle flame until it caught and began to curl into blackened ash. A stupid thing to do, he realized. He should have kept it. How long had he been waiting to hear from her? It was too late now, he supposed. Anxiously, he tossed the remainder of the letter into the fireplace and watched it consume itself. Taking a deep breath, Alistair sauntered back into the private dining room.

"What was that?" asked Beatrice. Her plate was still empty; she hadn't touched a bite while he was gone.

"Oh, nothing. Teagan just wanted to remind me that it's frowned upon to bet an entire bannorn in Wicked Grace, and even more frowned upon to lose said bannorn to an Antivan elf," he said while returning to his seat. Beatrice pursed her lips in disapproval but said nothing else. His quiet, unchallenging, perfect queen. Alistair had to press his hand into his leg to keep it from restlessly hopping up and down. He filled his plate quickly, but could only swallow a few bites of cheese and cooked pheasant before setting down his utensils and sitting back into his chair.

"Are you well, my king?" asked Beatrice. No, I feel like someone replaced my insides with a bunch of live eels and then set them on fire, but thank you for asking\_.

"I..." he hesitated. He looked over at Beatrice's concerned visage, keenly aware of what a disappointment they were to each other. What else was there to do after a year of arranged marital bliss? Teagan's words echoed in his ears: "remember your responsibilities." Yes, thank you, Uncle; as if the bloody crown on his head wasn't a gentle enough reminder. "It's just—I have to go do this thing and if I don't do it now, Starkhaven will push us into a trade war," he said.

"Of course, my king," she replied. Guilt swept over him like a cold wave. He got up from the table and gently kissed Beatrice on the forehead.

"I'll be back soon," he said. Beatrice nodded and gave him a reassuring smile. He was trying, wasn't he? Alistair didn't have time to dwell on it. He left the room and headed down the corridors to his end of the royal apartments. What if she wasn't there? What if Teagan had already sent her away? Or kept the note from him until she thought he wasn't coming and gave up? Maker, his head felt like it was going to burst. At the door to his bedchamber, Alistair paused with his hand over the handle. His legs felt like jelly while he tried to compose something to say, but none of the words felt right. He would probably just make some stupid joke, anyway. She wouldn't expect any less.

Finally, Alistair opened the door and saw her there, standing with her back to him and gazing pensively out the window. A dark cloak wrapped around her shoulders, but her hood was down and the moonlight glanced blue off of her midnight colored hair. She had cut it short, he noticed. Alistair closed the door behind him, his mouth suddenly dry.

"Hello," he said. That's it? Hello? That's all you can say? Maker,

he sounded like such an idiot. Elissa turned her face slightly away so it was hidden in shadow.

"Alistair," she said. Her voice sent warm tingles through his entire body and left him aching.

"I came," he said. "I mean, I'm here. I got your letter," he fumbled. Alistair moved closer to her. What if this was all a trick? If he reached out to her, would she vanish into smoke like every other dream he had? Alistair stepped to her side and Elissa turned her head farther away from him.

"Alistair, I'm sorry. I know I shouldn't be here. I shouldn'tâ€¦" she said in a quavering whisper. Instinctively, Alistair reached over, placed a gentle hand under her chin, and pulled her gaze back around. Elissa's lashes were wet and sparkling with tears and she kept her eyes fixed on the ground between them. A long pink scar crossed from her right temple, across the bridge of her perfect nose, and stopped just above her left jaw. He traced the scar with a feather-light touch and felt another knife-like pain gnawing into his heart. \_I should have been there. I could have protected her. \_

"That's a new one," he said, twitching his lips into a smile. Elissa took his hand and cradled it against her cheek, leaving soft kisses on his palm and making him sigh.

"Yes, I thought it might be fun to let a hurlock draw on my face with his sword," said Elissa as she smiled into his touch.

"At least you're still pretty," he said.

"Prettier than you'll ever be," she quipped back. Alistair laughed but it sounded more like a sob. Sweet Andraste, she was \_here.\_ He pulled Elissa into his arms and held her there against his chest, and Elissa responded by wrapping her arms tightly around his waist and digging her fingers into the fabric of his shirt. They stood there clinging to each other like their lives depended on it. Alistair could hardly focus as his thoughts raced between joy and doubt and hurt and paradise.

"Is everything alright? Why haven't you written me? Haven't you gotten any of my letters?" he asked in quick succession. Elissa shuddered against him and then disentangled herself from his grasp, moving away to sit on the edge of his bed. He cast a glance at the door, wondering how long Beatrice could sit there waiting for his return.

"I wanted you to move on, Alistair. I wanted you to forget," said Elissa. Sitting there staring at the floor, she looked so \_helpless.\_ He had never seen her like this before; it almost broke his heart again. He went and took his place next to her, drawing Elissa into him and letting her head rest against his shoulder.

"I would forget my name before I forgot you. Us," he said. The two Wardens laced their fingers together, both hands covered in small nicks and scars like tally marks to attest to their battles.

"I know I shouldn't have come but Iâ€¦Maker, Alistair, I couldn't stand it! I justâ€¦I needed to see you one more time."

"Don't," he said in a stern voice; the voice of Alistair the King, not Alistair the lover. "Stop making it sound like you're not coming back." He kissed the top of her head, inhaling the scent of her hair. "You could have stayed," he murmured, softening his tone. "No one said you had to go."

"I had to, Alistair. Ferelden needed a king. It needed you! It still needs you," she protested. A year's worth of suppressed anger and betrayal welled up in Alistair's chest. He somewhat roughly grabbed her face in both of his hands until they were only inches apart and forced her to see his pain.

"You could have stayed!" he said again. "I didn't want this! I never wanted this!"

"This isn't a fairytale, Alistair. Just because they call us heroes, doesn't mean that we get what we want," she maintained and challenged his gaze with those fierce eyes he adored. The pain in his chest was almost unbearable now and the warmth from her cheeks seemed to set his hands on fire.

"I could have made you my queen. We could have stayed together. Isn't that what we fought for, Elissa?" Gently, Elissa pulled herself out of his grasp and started to slowly pace the room. He felt like he had witnessed this scene before in another age, another life.

"The throne needs an heir, Alistair." He hated when she started to sound so practical all the damned time. She always had to be right, always had to take the lead, always had to put herself in danger first.

"We could have tried," he said. Elissa laughed bitterly.

"Conceiving with just one Blighted person is nearly impossible. With both of us, it would have been pointless!" she said.

"Not to me! We could have tried!" he repeated stubbornly.

"The Wardens needed me!"

"I needed you!"

Elissa froze and stared at him. Alistair realized they had been shouting at each other. Maker, it was just going from bad to worse. Alistair fell back onto the bed and covered his face with his hands in a desperate attempt to reel himself back in. He couldn't let it end like this; not with her. It was several minutes of tense silence before Elissa spoke again, quietly.

"Is she nice?" Alistair didn't bother asking who.

"Very," he answered shortly.

"Do you like her?" asked Elissa. Alistair could taste his guilt in his mouth like the remnants of a cheap ale.

"I wish she was you," he answered finally. He felt the bed dip slightly and moved his hands to watch Elissa crawl up next to him. She leaned down and kissed him, long and deep; her lips were still salty with tears. She broke the kiss with a trembling gasp and rested

her forehead against his.

"I'm sorry, Alistair. I'm so, so sorry," she whispered.

"Say it again," he said.

"I'm sorry."

"No, no! My name. Say it again. Please," he begged. Elissa smiled at him and it almost shattered whatever was left of his heart.

"Alistair," she said, pronouncing each syllable like a loving caress.

"Again," he murmured. Alistair flipped himself so he was positioned over Elissa and she stared up at him in surprise. He placed gentle kisses on her neck and nibbled gently on her earlobe.

"Alistair," she moaned softly. Alistair undid the fasten of her cloak and began to quickly untie the strands of her blouse until he could lay a trail of kisses down across her clavicle and grazed just above the rising curve of her breasts. His thoughts flickered briefly to Beatrice, who was probably still waiting at the table like the dutiful wife she was. Like father, like son. The thought felt like a punch to his gut. Could he really do this? Elissa tangled her fingers in his ginger hair, scraping at his tender scalp. It was too late. He couldn't let Elissa go; not now. Not when he might lose her again forever.

"Again," he said gruffly, his voice muffled against her heated skin. He pulled away her blouse and the undershirt and only took a moment to revel in her half-naked form before burying his face in her neck again.

"Alistair!" she moaned louder, and she intuitively wrapped one of her legs around him and pressed his lower abdomen into her body. Unable to resist, he ground his hips against her and she whimpered with want. Elissa pulled his face back to hers, devouring his lips and his tongue with lustful kisses and playful bites. Alistair cupped each of her breasts in his hands and relished their soft, warm mounds. He let out a groan as his own arousal started to build and thicken in his pants, only matched in volume by Elissa's sweet mewling. Pulling back suddenly, they stared at each other with heaving desire. She was still so beautiful, this woman who had taken him into her tent and showed him how to make love; this strong, kind, impossible woman who had slayed an archdemon and lived so that they could be together. He realized that he wanted her like this, with him, forever. Ferelden be damned! Elissa seemed to read his mind, as she so often did. He could never hide anything from her.

"I love you, Alistair," she said. He gently caressed her face and kissed along the length of her scar and then once on her lips.

"Then stop saying goodbye," he told her. He thought he was smiling. Maybe he was crying. Andraste's knickers, he didn't even know anymore. Elissa worked her hands down to his waist and helped him remove his shirt from over his head. The rest of their clothes worked themselves off in a similarly rushed fashion. And then there was nothing left to do but cry out into the night as their bodies rocked

together, breathed together, \_came \_together. Alistair held Elissa close to him, waiting a while to remove himself from inside her even as he grew soft.

"Alistairâ€|" she breathed, her eyes still closed in the aftermath of their bliss. "Does she know?" Alistair's embrace tightened around her.

"I don't think she has a clue," he lied. He imagined Beatrice still sitting at the dining table, the candles burned almost all the way down, and his poor, polite wife staring sadly at his empty chair.

"I love you, Alistair," she said again. Alistair thought quietly for a moment.

"You could stay," he told her. He felt her tense up slightly in his arms, and he responded with tender kisses until she relaxed again. "Or at least visit. Or write to me. Please, Elissa, promise me that you will at least write to me," he said.

"I promise, Alistair." She brought his hand to her lips and kissed it gently. "I promise."

And in that moment, he knew she was saying goodbye.

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file.